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## SUPPLEMENTARIES.

ONE often meets in the world with individuals who are generally estimable, and perhaps superior in most points to their neighbours, but who are strangely deficient in some single department of character, or perhaps possessed by something of the nature of monomania, so that much of what is good about them goes for little or nothing. Perhaps this sort of person gives us even a more affecting sense of human infirmity than those who are thoroughly bad, just as we more poignantly lament the defeat of a candidate by a majority of one than we do the non-success of one who never had any chance, or at a regatta pity the honest fellow who only loses the race by half a boat's length. There is also an unfortunate class of cases where the intellect is all very well, except for a certain inaptitude or blindness on some points, as if they had been subjected to the deduction of a small discount before being sent into the world. All this is very distressing to reflect upon, and must be extremely inconvenient in many instances to the parties; but amongst people of a certain rank in life it is not perhaps irremediable. It occurs to us that, for those who can afford it, there might be a class of functionaries who would greatly, if not altogether, remedy the defect or aberration. To this class of functionaries we would give the title of Supplementaries.

For example, we shall suppose a married lady who was in all respects a crown to her husband, as the old epitaph has it, excepting that she was totally deficient in a sense of time, so that she never was punctual as to any duty or engagement. All that would be necessary in this case would be to keep a Supplementary. It would be the first qualification of this person to possess an uneasily exquisite sense of time—to be, in fact, an animated piece of horological machinery. Taking a survey of a day's duties, the first would of course be to admonish the lady of the proper hour to rise, and, more than this, to take care that she did not fall back upon an unfinished slumber, but did actually get up. Once up and afloat in the house, and supposing her to be a person who was not above seeing that all things were ready in time to allow of her husband breakfasting and getting away in time to business, she would require a few occasional admonitions from her Supplementary as to the various affairs therewith connected. In the course of the forenoon, she would perhaps need a touch of the hour-hand of her Supplementary, to enable her to dress in time for shopping, morning calls, and all that sort of thing. On any day when she had appointments, it might be necessary for her to be accompanied by the Supplementary, who would sit by her side while she was chatting with her friends, and tell her when it was time to take leave and be off to another place. The husband would find the benefit of the Supplementary's services in a particular degree when he and his lady had to go out together, whether to a walk, or a call, or a party, as the necessity for his urging her to begin in time to dress, and dragging her all the while to dress with dispatch, would be taken entirely off his hands, and he might not have to spend a half hour in fretting and kicking his shins in the lobby above once in a twelvemonth. He would also relish very much the certainty of finding dinner ready, and his wife ready for it, on his coming from the office, and still more particularly the repose of mind which he would have whenever he expected company, being quite sure that all culinary and other preparations would be duly made, and that the appearance of his dame to take up a position in the drawing-room would be never less than five minutes before the first rat-tat-tat at the

door. The services of so useful a person could not of course be obtained for nothing; but, considering what a saving these would make in tear and wear of soul and body together, they would be well worth the money. The only difficulty in such a case would be as to the sex of the Supplementary. A female would be preferred, as the advertisements say; but a female with a sense of time might not be easily had. It seems to have pleased Providence so to constitute the female mind, that it both wants a sense of time itself, and has the power of bewitching that sense out of the opposite sex. We foresee that a man Supplementary in so confidential a place would be objected to, and yet there might be no alternative. What, then, shall we say? Let us take refuge in the useful and respectable quality of age. Some withered, formal little man, going about the house like an old worm-eaten eight-day clock, as he was, would not be a very formidable idea; and such men, with well-attested characters, could be had with no great difficulty.

Some other ladies make extremely good wives in all respects excepting a sad want of order. Studious ladies have a bad character in this respect: it seems settled in moral chromaties that the complementary colour of blue is drab. But many ladies, without being at all literary, contrive to be amazingly litterary—leave their clothes lying about in their rooms, keep awful-looking toilette tables, and, instead of ever putting any thing to rights, are constantly putting wrong just as many things as possible. This class of ladies usually have enough of respect for the world's opinion to dress in the most splendid style they can afford, and keep very superb public rooms for the reception of company. But all the rest of their houses, and all the time which they spend in privacy, are marked by slovenliness inexpressible; the lucid interval being somewhat like a winter day in northern latitudes, in comparison with the long night of untidiness and trumpery. Charming women in all other respects, affectionate wives, good mothers, and ornaments to society, the expense of a Supplementary to make them quite perfect would be well incurred. Such an official would require of course to be a paragon in that very quality which the principal party wants. A sense of order so painfully nice that a thread lying on a carpet produced discomfort, and a dusty table untold agonies, would be the grand qualification. It would be necessary to produce certificates of several genuine faints at dusters left on ottomans till the calling time of day, and children ushered into company without a proper attention to something more than the counting of noses. Here there would be far less difficulty in the choice of an official than in the case of the Unpunctual Lady, for the female sex have that almost monopoly of order which the other have of time. A good female Supplementary for the Disorderly Lady might be got for little more than the salary of a lady's maid. It would be necessary, however, that, as in all other cases, she should be invested with an unlimited authority. She would need to be regarded, not as a servant, but as a kind of duenna or governess. A husband truly anxious about the good order of his wife's person and household, would allow a very large latitude in her instructions. A power of forcing the unfortunate gentlewoman into clean linen whenever it was absolutely necessary, and of dictating the proper hour for the exchange of the wrapper for the gown, would be amongst the simplest parts of her prerogative. Where there was a very inveterate propensity to sitting up to the knees in confusion in a frowy bed-room, all the time that a clean and smiling parlour was left unoccupied, the Supplementary would need to have it in her power to summon the whole forces of the house

to commence cleaning up, brushing here, scrubbing there, kicking up all possible dust—in short, doing every thing to render the lady's position intolerable, so that she would be in a manner hunted down stairs. If, again, any unhappy disposition was shown to relapse in the evening into wrappers and night-caps, on a plea that it was not worth while or necessary to keep on dress merely for one's husband, the Supplementary ought to be enabled to keep the said wrappers and night-caps under lock and key, until the proper hour for undressing had arrived. Our functionary would of course have an absolute right to interfere in all cases of rent shawls and stockings, and even to withhold food, or lock up in a dark closet, until the fault had been remedied by the lady's own hands. Let it not be thought that this would be treatment inconsistent with the condition and style of living of a full-grown lady: the object, we must remember, is to correct and improve habits, and it might be hoped that a very few inflictions of the punishment would be sufficient. If, however, any decided objection was felt to this stretch of authority, the Supplementary might merely keep a record of delinquencies, which, being represented by numbers, would be reckonable at the end of each week, when some less severe punishment might be inflicted by the husband. Appearing *en papillotes* might, for instance, count 2; leaving out a petticoat on the floor, 3; mislaying keys, 6; and so on. Having 30 of an aggregate in a week might be held to infer a penalty of a certain class; 50, one of a higher class; and so on. The nature of the punishments would need to be adjusted with a regard to the tastes and inclinations of the lady; but a series, consisting of a denial of new dresses, would be pretty sure to meet the majority of cases.

There is a class of gentlemen who are excellent persons in all respects, except that they are totally deficient in a sense of the value of money. The consequence is, that they are remarkably indifferent about the proper means of gaining the world's pelf, and remarkably free and easy in spending it. And, more than this, by an apparent contradiction, which practically is found to be none, they contrive to spend a vast deal of money which they never gained at all. In men otherwise so extremely agreeable and worthy, this is a very lamentable thing, for somehow the bulk of mankind regard it with extreme severity and intolerance. There is, indeed, scarcely any little failing of human nature which suffers so much downright actual persecution as this blindness to the value of money. Men are hunted for it out of society, have to go to the continent, or no one knows where, in consequence of it: in short, it brings them into the most dreadful scrapes. This is evidently a class of cases where a Supplementary would be of the greatest service. He should be a sort of live ready-reckoner, always at the elbow of the party. The great difficulty would be to operate so far upon the reason of such a gentleman as to induce him to put himself under the guidance of the requisite official. But, supposing that he was brought to this point, how much benefit might he and all his immediate connexions, as well as his descendants, derive from a really right Supplementary! He would never feel inclined to build, or plant, or improve, but his Supplementary would be instantly at his elbow, with a prospective view of the cost to set before him. He might feel the strongest tendency to the turf or to Melton Mowbray, but the Supplementary would quietly tell him it would not do. Was the purchase of bijouterie, or pictures, or articles of virtu, his craze, he might walk through unlimited bazaars, arcades, and auction rooms, and, so that his Supplementary stuck fast to him, he would be quite



safe. If he wished to entertain his friends, and thought of a champagne supper, the faithful Supplementary, with one shake of the head, would bring him down to a dinner of plain roast and port. Did a vision of a new britachelia rise on his morning dreams, the honest Supplementary would join him as he descended to the breakfast parlour, and dispel the perilous fancy in a moment. In short, the Supplementary would keep such a man quite right, at a mere trifle of expense compared with the sum saved, and a worthy man would be preserved to his wife, children, and the world, instead of going himself, and sending every thing else, to the dogs.

Another and opposite class of men would need a Supplementary fully as much, at least for the sake of their own credit: that is to say, the stingy and miserly would need one to admonish them when they ought to spend and be generous. But it is vain to hope that men of this order would ever take a Supplementary into their pay. The spendthrift might possibly submit to the companionship of a person who was to save him from himself; but the niggard would boggle, at the very outset, at the salary, and prefer going on saving his money, and sinking his name, and perishing his soul.

There is a vast number of other cases in which a Supplementary would be useful. We submit that a bashful man would be much the better of one possessing a good stock of assurance, to spirit him on to address the fair when it was proper to do so, and to give him some little confidence in his own powers when he was likely to sink aside from a race in which his competitors were, manifestly to all but himself, inferior. Supposing bashful men generally to adopt the custom, we might expect some interesting statistical tables from Mr Farr as to the increase of marriages—a kind of result which might obviously be expected to be still further swelled, if ladies also were to keep Supplementaries to whisper to them when they ought to say yes, when they might otherwise be apt to say no. Young ladies might advantageously retain officers of this kind in their pay to tell them when they were laughing too loudly, or looking too happy; and, perhaps, it might not be amiss for some young gentlemen to keep a very small but quick-witted Supplementary, to put them on their guard against being stupid or frivolous, and hint ideas for them to operate upon in their endeavours to pass for smart fellows. Absent men would need Supplementaries to tell them when some one was speaking to them, and to admonish them that they were on the point of walking out in a shower of rain without putting on their hats. Clever people, whose only fault it is to speak eternally, to the exclusion of all conversation, would evidently be much the better of Supplementaries, just to make them aware that some other person might have something to say as well as themselves. Boreas, who tell awfully long stories, would require similar service to admonish them of a tired audience. The long-tongued and empty-headed in general should be attended by Supplementaries; and it might be suggested that, as a public interest is here as much concerned as a private one, part of the expense ought to be borne by contribution, or out of the Consolidated Funds. But any such provision would obviously be improper in such a case as that of a young man of fortune, destitute of sense, manners, and discretion; as, in the first place, it is greatly doubtful if his deficiencies are at all remarked; and, in the second, if he chose to have a little judgment supplied in this way, and found himself thought the better for it, it must be so great an addition to all his other advantages, that, considering how rich he is too, he is well entitled to pay for it out of his own pocket.

When a case unluckily happens, as it sometimes will, that one whom birth entitles to place and influence is either not bright or not disposed for trouble, it is clear that he ought to have a good Supplementary engaged for him from the very dawn of existence. At school this person should learn all his lessons for him, take all his whippings, and fight all his quarrels. He should afterwards see him well through college, enjoy a tour of the Continent for him, and be ready to supply all the knowledge and affectation of taste which a young man ought to have. He should see to keep his principal out of all frolics of a positively dangerous nature, select his party, direct his vote, and supply thought and reflection in general upon the shortest notice. Such an arrangement would be in its way perfect—the Supplementary enjoying a good salary, and the principal having a tolerable reputation for sense and information, as well as for things of more importance.

We might easily run over a number of other cases in which Supplementaries would be useful, but it scarcely can be necessary when every one is able to think of them for himself; and, to tell the plain truth, we are not quite sure that the reader may have thought so from the bottom of the first column, and

may have been remarking to himself ever since then—“Why, our journalist would not be the worse of a Supplementary himself, just to tell him when it is time to stop.”

## NORTHERN COLLIERIES.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

WE now suppose the colliery in full operation. The shaft is sunk to a good seam of coal, and the only objects now in view are to keep out the water, to ventilate the mine, and to raise the coals, as well as to “raise the wind” and the price. To become acquainted with the mode of descending and ascending the shafts, let us follow the colliers from their homes at four or five o'clock in the morning. To the pit's mouth they are seen flocking from all quarters. Station yourself at the pit's mouth, and gaze around at them. In companies of three and four, they swing along with that peculiar gait consequent upon their vocation. In dingy flannel dresses do they approach, with a pipe in each mouth; with one hand in a side pocket, and with a Davy-lamp in the other. They are cracking their dry jokes as they mount up the heap of ashes around the pit, and they continue them as they tarry on the surface, till their turn for going down arrives. These men are the “hewers” or actual workers of the coal. Their tools, which are simple and few, have been sent down before them. They have all a word to say to the “bankman,” who is the man stationed at the top of the shaft to “land” the men and coals, and superintend all that concerns the transmission of signals, of messages, and of live and dead stock, through the shaft. In a few minutes, things are prepared for the descent of this set of men, the ropes being held ready by the bankman.

At the bottom of each rope is a chain terminating in a hook, with a spring catch. The hewers and other workmen descend and ascend the pit (or “ride,” as they say) in pairs by a “loop,” made by hooking back this chain upon itself, the hook on its end being passed through a link. A pair of men insert each a leg in the loop, and laying hold of the chain or rope above it with one hand, are ready to counteract the effects of any oscillations by a stick in the other. In pits where both the ropes go in the same compartment, they are not allowed to descend in baskets at all. It is considered much safer to descend in the loops than the “corves” or coal-baskets; and it is only where the ropes are divided by a partition that the men are permitted to descend in the baskets. Where two ropes are in the same compartment of the shaft, a relaxation of the speed of passage is arranged at the “meetings,” or point of conjunction of the ascending and descending load. To prevent the risk of being drawn over the pulleys above the pit's mouth, the attention of the bankman, who manages the engine, is arrested by the mechanically-contrived ringing of a bell at the approach of the load to the surface, and the winding-engine is duly stopped. Human beings ascending are, upon their arrival at the top of the shaft, grasped by the outstretched hand of the bankman, and pulled on to the “settle-board” or platform, and aided in disengaging themselves from the loop. A precautionary code of vocal signals is established between the “onsetter,” or attendant at the bottom of the shaft, and the bankman at the top; and when the men manifest their intention to ascend, the onsetter, in addition to the transmission of such notice by a “token” deposited in the next ascending corf, makes that intention to resound through the shaft by vociferating to the bankman, “Ho! send away a loop,” and is responded to by the bankman.

It is indeed amusing, but sometimes painful, to witness the perfect nonchalance with which boys of twelve or fourteen years of age will catch the rope at the very moment of the commencement of its upward course, and cling to it by winding their legs and arms round it. When it is considered that they hang on in this uncertain mode for a passage of from 500 to 1000 and more feet, the sight becomes unpleasant to a stranger. It has been asserted that boys, after the close of a hard day's labour, have actually fallen asleep while “riding” in this way, and that the bankman has been compelled to grasp them with a somewhat rough hand, in order to secure and awaken them. This seems almost incredible, inasmuch as the act of falling asleep would tend to diminish the care of grasping the rope, and to relax the curvature of the limbs; but I was assured of its truth by two or three distinct parties who had witnessed such cases in former years, when the hours were much longer and the labour more severe.

The modern plan of drawing coals, and that most in use in the Wear collieries, is by square iron cages, sliding upon four “spears,” or upright slides. These cages are divided into two or three compartments, into which the tubs of coal are conveyed. The tubs themselves, which I measured at Hetton Colliery pit, were of iron, 3 feet by 2 feet 6 inches, and 2 feet 6 inches in depth, holding 8 cwt. of coals, the tubs themselves weighing 3 cwt. The places of the tubs are occupied by men and boys in ascending and descending the shafts; and certainly this mode is more agreeable and more safe, and has in most instances the advantage of an overhead protection in the top of the cage. From two to six men can conveniently descend in this manner, and the chief cause for an accident would exist in one extending any part of his body beyond the cage, which indeed nothing but wilful carelessness could occasion.

Reader, I wish you to descend the shaft with me the next time. I will tell the bankman that we are going down in a “corf” or basket. The “loop” mode of descent is no pleasant thing; for, unless you can manage your stick well, you may get an unwelcome bang against the sides of the shaft, besides experiencing the sensation of amputation in your thigh, if you are at all tender-fleshed, from the cutting of the chain. But I do not wonder at your eyeing the ropes with an inquiring glance ere you trust your life to them. Well, then, those ropes are, as you see, flat, and composed of four strands, each four and a half inches in circumference, and the breadth of the four strands together is four and a half inches. These ropes are under the regular inspection of the bankman, but still it is as well to tell you that they have been known to break. However, the corf is here. Now, lay hold of the bankman's hand, step in, and grasp the chain above you with both hands. You hear (unless you are congenitally deaf) the bankman vociferate that long-winding “ho-o-o-oh!” Do not be alarmed. 'Tis true it is pitchy dark enough. Don't look up, or you will get your eyes filled with water droppings or dust. I am sorry you feel a degree of nausea; but it is not unusual in the first descent. You are unaccustomed to the rapid motion. Be composed; that was only the other corf that passed you. Now, then, do you hear the “onsetter!” Look down; we are slackening speed. See! there is the lamp at the bottom. Here we are at last. Give your hand to the onsetter; step out. Yes, I know you cannot see in the least degree. Give me your hand; mind that hole—that horse there—that “sump,” or well, just before you. Sit down here a minute or two till the “under-viewer,” or second mining superintendent, prepares all for us. I think you had better carry a candle, a Davy lamp gives but a feeble light; here is your candle stuck in clay. Put the clay between your third and fourth fingers in your left hand, and handle your stick gropingly in your right. Now, you can see pretty well. The under-viewer walks first, I go second; follow me. Now, we are proceeding up the “mainway,” or, in fact, the high road of the pit. Right and left of us will presently appear passages at right angles to this mainway. You see that light in the distance! there is a load of coal-baskets approaching us. Do you hear the boy who drives the horses whistling! Here he is; stand close up on one side. There; he passes you safely with his twelve corves of coals. Follow on; stop, this is a door, called a trap-door; the little boy behind it will open it for you. This door is one of many placed in various parts of the mine for directing the ventilating current of air, about which more shall be said anon. Yes, the boy is very little; probably, he is only nine or ten years old. We will speak about these boys at large presently. Ah! your candle is out! Do you hear the under-viewer say to the pitman “g'w'e us a low!” This is pit language for “Give me a light.”

You have burnt your fingers; it is common with strangers. It requires some practice to carry a pit-candle (of which there are forty to the pound) without such misadventures. You find it very hot; I suppose you think you are too thickly sweltered up in flannels; no such thing. You will be in draughts of “return air” by and by, and will then feel it cold enough. That is a crane for hoisting the baskets or corves of coals upon the waggons that have passed you. Now, turn here to the right. You have now left the mainway, or “winning headway,” and have turned up a “board,” or passage, at right angles to the high road you have come from. At the top of this board we shall meet with the hewers at work. There! you see their lights glimmering! Push on. You are tired! Well, I do not wonder at it, for I suppose we have not walked already less than three hard and weary miles. This is an old pit, and consequently the workings are progressively more distant from the shaft every year. There! these black fellows are the hewers; they will most assuredly mule you in half a crown for your temerity in coming here. “Pay your footing” at once gallantly. Now, then, we shall be permitted with good-will to investigate most scientifically all the mysteries of coal-hewing.

The modes of excavation must necessarily differ in accordance with the nature of the seam of coal. “All is not gold that glitters,” and all is not coal that looks black. There is much “band,” “swad,” and “foul coal,” in most seams. The nature and thickness of the interstratifications and other similar circumstances, decide the plan of hewing; the object, of course, being to send to bank the greatest quantity of marketable coals with the least expenditure of labour and time. The plan of working is fixed by the viewer, and he imposes certain restrictions and fines (by a bond) for such hewing as may be agreed upon as unfair or wasteful—restrictions that are the subject of not a few disputes between the men and the viewer, at some of which I have been present, and in which the spokesmen of the pitmen manifest no small amount of adroitness and ingenuity in putting the strongest case for their side. Whatever be their acknowledged deficiencies in other respects, there is no viewer who will not give them credit for quite sufficient astuteness to detect any imposition upon their rights of labour. The consequence of a viewer's persisting in a very obnoxious point may be an incipient local strike; the result of the adherence of the whole body of viewers in resisting the claim may be a general district rebellion.



In the ordinary mode of hewing the coal, the hewer curves out about a foot or eighteen inches of the bottom of the seam, to the distance, perhaps, of three feet, and then "nicks" up, that is, cuts in with his pick one of the nooks or corners of his board. By these means he has gained what he calls his "judd" or "vantage." This "judd" is either brought down by the insertion of wedges or the blast of gunpowder, in which latter case he drills a hole in the opposite corner, fills it with gunpowder, lights the match, and retires till the coal is torn down by the explosion. An able-bodied hewer can hew about six tons of coal in a day. In this mode the hewers proceed in excavating the coal, keeping the "boards" or passages about twelve feet wide. This one we are in you will find to be about that width. You observe that there are but two hewers at work at one time here. Some boards are made wider, to hold three or four together. This board will be driven through the coal until it has advanced about twenty yards, when "walls" or other passages are excavated at right angles to them. If you consider for a moment, you will see that, by continually driving these boards, such as we are now in, six yards apart from each other, and nearly parallel to each other, and then crossing them at every twenty yards by other passages, such a system of working will ultimately develop a large piece of panel work, the masses of coal between the boards forming "pillars" of the dimensions of six by twenty yards. These pillars are aptly so denominated, as they are, in fact, the supports of the mine. Formerly, the pillars were left in undisturbed possession of their loads; and when the coal was, with their exception, all excavated, the mine was abandoned. This was deemed necessary, chiefly from considerations of inefficient ventilation, of which we shall shortly speak at large; but of late years, the introduction of the Davy-lamp, and improvements of various kinds, have enabled the miners to obtain nearly the whole of the coal. Some collieries, actually abandoned prior to the employment of the Davy-lamps, have been re-opened, and the pillars worked nearly out. The pillars are worked either by longitudinal or lateral excavations, numerous props of wood being introduced to uphold the roof during the progress of this duty. When the pillars are removed as far as is practicable, these props are "drawn" or knocked down by men, who speedily retreat as each falls—an operation which, when I witnessed it, I was led to deem the most hazardous in the pit, as the withdrawal of each prop was not unfrequently followed by the fall of large masses of stone in alarming proximity to ourselves—a proximity the more alarming, when one became aware of the number of accidents that occur from such falls in the performance of this dangerous proceeding.

When, then, the roof has thus fallen in, that portion of the pit is denominated "goaf," and sometimes "thrust." This goaf, in highly gaseous seams, will not unfrequently become a natural gasometer; and from five acres of it, in one of the pits at Wallsend colliery, a discharge takes place, through a four-inch metallic pipe, of two cubic feet of gas per second. The pipe is carried up as high as the head gear above the shaft; and from its orifice issues, with a roaring sound, the stream of gas, which, having been ignited, forms a flag of flame seven or eight feet in length, conspicuous by day, and at night illuminating the entire neighbourhood.

When the coals are hewn or excavated, in come a class of able-bodied lads called "putters." These lads are divided into three distinct classes, according to their strength. They all fill the corves or coal-baskets with the coals, and then "put," that is, push or drag them to the cranes. The full corve is placed upon a "tram," or little iron-wheeled carriage about three feet ten inches long, and the tram upon the tramway that conveys to the crane. The strongest putter, called a "headman," has a little boy as his assistant, denominated a "foal." The latter draws the corf with a pair of cords on level or uphill ground, and pushes against it with his back on declivities; and thus, for a distance of from sixty to a hundred-and-sixty yards, the coal is pushed to the spot where it is to be lifted.

You must now exchange your candle for a "Davy," as the naked light is unsafe in these parts, and walk this way to see the working of the pillars; but you must crawl, for you are too tall for these passages, which do not inconvenience the short colliers to any serious degree. Now, we are at the pillar-workings. I perceive you perspire most abundantly; so, indeed, do I. This is a most suffocating atmosphere. You have merely an ocular confirmation of the correctness of the above description of the mode of excavating the pillars. Well, then, we will return. Now, you are again able to stand nearly erect. You may notice, in the course of your return, the frequent appearance of numerous peculiar semicircularly concentric masses at the sides of the passages. These are called, technically, "metal rigs." They are portions of the floor of the mine, forced up by the enormous pressure of superincumbent matter. These "metal rigs" or "creeps" may be often observed in incipient development, and in all the stages of commencing and perfect creep. The perfect creep is that state in which the pressure has been sufficient actually to force up the floor against the roof of the mine. In such cases, a passage must be cut through at a great expense, if the spot is one necessary to be opened for the transit of coal. This creep goes on rapidly in the "waste" or deserted pillar-workings, and where the

props have been drawn. When the process is very active, loud noises have been heard, resulting from the bursting up of the strata, and thundering like the discharge of artillery, or as if some of the revengeful spirits of the mine were making tremendous havoc in their intestine wars. In one very old pit, in the parish of Long Benton, I was told that several years since a sudden creep of so extensive a nature took place, nearly under the parish church, that the whole edifice was shaken, and portions of the ceiling dislodged, gaps or sinkings being visible in the neighbouring grounds. You feel it cool enough now! we are in the "return air," and shall very soon be at the shaft. Here we are again. Step into the corf; grasp the chain. "Ho-o-o-oh!" draws the onsetter; the bankman re-echoes the same. We are off! You see the light now a little—now more; and now we are "at bank" again! Be cautious; give your hand to the bankman; jump out—all right! We will go to the viewer's house, wash, and change, and I will then describe to you as much about colliery ventilation as may instruct and amuse you.

## THE EXCHANGE.

A STORY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE chronicles of by-past days inform us that a poor rascal, out at elbows, and with coinless pockets, was one day walking in a very pensive mood near the Champs-Élysées of Paris, half uncertain whether it would not be his best plan to betake himself to the real Elysian fields without delay, when he was accosted by a gentleman richly attired, who abruptly proposed to change suits with him. The melancholy stroller at first deemed this one of the jokes which people with holes in their coats must sometimes endure at the hands of their more fortunate fellow-mortals; but the proposer of the exchange soon showed himself perfectly serious, by commencing to strip with great alacrity. A dress, rich in excess, and magnificently embroidered, with a hat gallantly winged with feathers, being very much to be preferred to the looped and windowed raggedness characterising his own attire, the penniless miser began to uncase likewise, and in a few minutes the exchange was regularly completed; after which, the seeming loser by the bargain took himself off instantly. The new-born dandy or grande, however, had scarcely time to felicitate himself on his good fortune, when he was seized by a body of the police, and hurried off to duance vile. It now turned out that the gentleman who had so readily parted with his rich clothes had strong reasons for so doing, being, indeed, no other than the famous robber Cartouche, then hard pressed by the myrmidons of justice.

Ludovic Demarny, a young man whom we now beg to introduce to our readers, might have no suspicion of being the subject of a ruse similar to that of Cartouche, and indeed could not have any good grounds for such a suspicion, when his cousin, Armand Demarny, came to him one morning, and proposed not only to change dresses, but to change stations in the world with his relative. This proposition was truly somewhat surprising, all circumstances considered. The two cousins were of provincial origin, had been friends from boyhood, and, left in youth without much means, had both come to Paris to push their way in the busy world. They had then been separated in a great measure by differences in tastes and habits. Ludovic had a strong tendency to poetry, and had become a litterateur, dwelling in obscurity and poverty, yet enjoying tranquillity in the dream-land of imagination. Armand, on the contrary, though not possessed of greater personal advantages than his cousin, had found his way into the brilliant circles of fashion; and having no means of his own to maintain his position there, followed the not uncommon plan of using the means of others for that purpose. In short, he lived upon credit, becoming a willing debtor to all tradesmen and money-lenders who, dazzled by his elegant aspect, residence, equipage, and companions, were imprudent enough to yield to his assaults on their purses.

On the morning on which Armand called on his cousin Ludovic, as already mentioned, the poetical dreamer was in a state of dependency not unusual with those pursuing a precarious literary existence. Worn out by continual drafts upon his brain, some of them not very productive, he felt in a mood to desert the muse altogether, and resign the hopes of fame and wealth with which she had so long flattered him. "Ah!" said he, as Armand entered his humble apartment, "you are a happy fellow! You have addressed yourself not to the illusions, but to the realities of life. You have given to your young years their true employment." "Yes, I am happy, perfectly happy," answered Armand; "but wherefore cannot you be so as well as I? If you have hitherto gone astray in pursuit of chimeras, keeping yourself in obscure penury, it is not yet too late to strike into a better path. You have but to follow me, and I will show to you the route, strewn with gaieties and delights." The young fashionable then drew a brilliant picture of his ordinary routine of existence, expatiating with tempting uncton on the pleasures of the opera, on his blood-horses and dashing barouche, on his little suppers, and all the other sources of amusement open to the man of fashion.

"But how do you manage to have all these pleasures at command, scant of money as you are?" asked the

studious cousin. "By means of credit," said the other coolly; "I run in debt." Armand then laid bare to his cousin all the arts of a needy man of fashion, throwing over the subject such a glare and glitter, that it seemed as if the system of tricking creditors formed a source of perpetual amusement to him, rather than an obstacle in his path. "Are you astonished at all this?" said the dandy at the close of his revelations; "how deplorably ignorant you are of life! You are writing a comedy, you say; by what means will you ever be enabled to paint the real manners of society? You live like a hermit, when you ought to be in the midst of the bustle of life, picking up such information and experience as may, when you retreat once more to your study, enable you to command that literary success which you now long for in vain."

The student was completely taken with the artful pictures and specious reasoning of his cousin. "You are in the right," cried he to Armand; "you have pointed out the only certain road to fame and fortune." "Well," said Armand, "since you seem satisfied of this, I will show you that I am not one of those who content themselves with giving counsel to a friend, leaving him to find out for himself the means of following it. I will remove all difficulties from your way at once. Take my place in society; take my chambers, my dresses, my horses—everything, in short, which I possess. My debts you cannot be compelled to pay. In your new position you may study men and manners with every advantage; and when you are satisfied, say so, and quit the busy world at once. As for me, though unsated with the delights of society, I have fatigued my system somewhat, and my physicians order quiet and repose. I shall take your place in these apartments, and assume your lonely habits. What say you?"

The prospect of the proposed change was too tempting not to gratify the peaceful and well-disposed Ludovic Demarny; and in a short time he was installed in his cousin's well-furnished apartments, with the portals of society opened to him by numerous introductions. Young and enthusiastic, he enjoyed in a high degree the alteration in his course of life. All was new to him, and he feasted eyes and ears on a banquet of luscious sweets. On the other hand, Armand Demarny assumed not less readily the new part laid out for him. And now it is necessary that we should give a hint of his Cartouche-like purpose in proposing this scheme of metamorphosis to his innocent and unconscious cousin Ludovic.

At Havre-de-Grace, as Armand had learned just before visiting Ludovic, a vessel was expected immediately to land, bringing across the Atlantic a certain elderly gentleman named M. Rollandeau, and his young and lovely daughter Eugénie. Now, M. Rollandeau was the uncle of the cousins Demarny, and was possessed of great wealth, which he had made up his mind to bestow, along with the hand of his daughter, upon whichever of the cousins seemed most worthy of the honour. The artful Armand had not only learned these circumstances, but had also ascertained so much of the character of the merchant, as to adopt the impression that the studious and quiet cousin would be far more likely to please the prudent and monied merchant than the fashionable and extravagant man of the world. Hence the proposal for exchanging characters with the really quiet student.

M. Rollandeau arrived in due time in Paris, and his first visit was one paid to the now fashionable Ludovic, under pretence of purchasing one of his horses. When shown in, the old merchant found the young man reclining, in an elegant morning dress, on a magnificent ottoman, with a long Turkish pipe at his lips. "Sell to you that splendid horse!" cried Ludovic, when the fictitious proposal was made to him, "my good old soul, don't think of it. Sell that unmatchable creature which won the last race at Chantilly! I should not take treble what you offer. So good morning; excuse me; I must go and prepare for the steeple-chase at Bery." With these words the new-born dandy bowed out his visitor with great nonchalance. The uncle shook his head, as he noticed two or three discontented-looking persons waiting the outcoming of the young dandy. They were evidently creditors, and the old man knew not for whom they really waited. To that artful gentleman M. Rollandeau next betook himself, and found Armand in perfect readiness for the visit. The chamber in which he sat was a peaceful and modest one on the third floor. The pen was in the hand of the occupant, and books lay thickly strewn around him. Very different was the look of the place from the extravagant glitter that surrounded Ludovic, and here no angry creditors frowned around the approach. M. Rollandeau, according to his plan, introduced himself as a man of business. "I have been informed, sir, that, though a young gentleman of some expectations, you are in want of money. I can command, should we form a proper arrangement, a sum of ten thousand francs." Armand could not help pricking up his ears at this announcement, but he repressed the longings of old habits, and answered meekly, "Ah, sir, you are doubtless labouring under a mistake. Since lending money is your business, you must have been directed to Ludovic Demarny, and not to Armand. We are cousins, but have nothing else in common but the name. Yes, sir, you have been misinformed. Armand Demarny is philosopher enough to be contented with little, and has nothing to do with money-changers; but go to Ludovic, and the man of fashion will be



delighted to see you, and will doubtless soon treat with you."

When the prudent merchant had concluded his first visits to the two cousins, it may be supposed that poor Ludovic, when weighed in the scales with his cousin Armand, was found wanting. But M. Rollandean was resolved not to peril his girl's happiness lightly. And, besides, Eugenie had a mind of her own, and was not disposed to give away her hand to any one without previously obtaining some knowledge of the party. Her father found it comparatively easy to gratify her wishes with respect to the accessible Ludovic, and even Armand was also seen by her. And now it was that fortune took the side of the simple Ludovic against his artful cousin, though the former laboured under the disadvantage of not knowing the parties with whom he had to deal. Armand, sustaining the part which he had at first assumed before her father, appeared to Eugenie almost repulsively cold and reserved. Esteem for his supposed learning was all that she could accord to him. For Ludovic, who had been really struck with her beauty on first beholding her, and who lost some of his fashionable affectation in the sincerity of the feeling, Eugenie felt a warmer sentiment. She was captivated, in truth, in no slight degree by his appearance, manners, and language.

The old merchant, who watched all these things with an attentive eye, at last made up his mind, and sent for the two cousins. His disclosure of himself startled both in seeming, but Ludovic only in reality. Yet Armand was, ere long, startled too. "I have long resolved," said M. Rollandean, "to make one of you my son-in-law. You, Armand, are a studious and peaceable young man. You live economically, and know not the want of money. That is all well; but you know the world only by books. Becoming possessed of fortune, and having not the guidance of experience, you would probably fall a victim to the artful around you, or would run the risk of losing self-restraint, and then what would become of poor Eugenie! You, on the contrary, Ludovic, have had an insight into the ways of the world, its perils and its follies. The frivolities in which alone you seem to indulge I do not account as vices. You must have gained experience. The means of living in elegance you will possess, should you become the husband of Eugenie; and if you promise to be to her a faithful guardian when I am gone, I here make choice of you as her husband." Need we say that Ludovic hastened rapturously to give the pledge which was required of him?

What were the feelings of the defeated imitator of Cartouche during the delivery of this decision? They were most galling; yet what remedy could he adopt? To announce that he himself, and not Ludovic, was the experienced man of the world, would have been to expose his trickery, and to enrage the uncle at the attempted deception. Armand was compelled to bear his mortification in silence; and who will not admit that he met a deserved fate, in having his artifice thus made the means of ruining his own prospects?

#### "THE GABERLUNZIE'S WALLET."

THREE or four additional numbers of this monthly publication have made their appearance, since, with the two earliest in the series before us, we spoke of it as a clever and original work, containing faithful though homely sketches of rural and humble life in Scotland, referring to past and present times.\* The author appears to possess a keen perception of the feelings and modes of expression of that little regarded class of society whom he depicts; and he has certainly the merit—a rare thing among modern versifiers—of being no imitator of the style and thoughts of predecessors who have won the world's applause. There is, for example, no small degree of imaginativeness and feeling in the following verses, taken at random from the melange of prose and poetry in the late numbers:—

##### THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

"The wife who sits on her ain man's knee,  
An' looks in his face wi' her aye black ee;  
Loch, how the body will wauken an' stare  
Gin she see in his pow the first grey hair!

Ere the leaves o' the forest hae wither'd or drow'd,  
When the fields are a' wimpling an' waving in gowd;  
Loch, how the farmer will shiver an' shake  
Gin he see at his feet the first snaw-flake!

When the Winter hath past, and the bonnie young buds  
Wad fae deck in green a' the auld black wuds;  
Loch, how the wee things will wither an' dee  
Gin the bark fa' awa frae their parent tree!

When fortune is smiling, and friendship is kind,  
An' your wife an' your waukes are just to your mind;  
Ah! how you feel gin death mak his first ca',  
An' takes e'en your youngest bit tottum awa!

When we keep close together, e'en auld age grows strang,  
Auld folks an' auld houses will stand twice as lang;  
But ah! gin aye totter, or aye slip awa,  
How the lave o' their cronies will totter and fa'!

Yet we canna weel grieve though they a' fade awa,  
Though aye now and then we see marks o' decay;  
On the earth we can only but stay for a wee;  
But in Heaven there is naething can wither or dee."

\* *Menzies, Edinburgh; Tilt and Bogue, London.*

The author of the *Wallet* occasionally goes beyond the satirical, and presents us with a piece of cynical philosophy. From a lengthened poem in this vein, the subjoined verses may be given, chiefly to indicate, in justice to the writer, the varied character of the materials which he presents to his readers.

##### THE BEST O' FOLK ARE NEVER MISS'D.

"Wherefore should man, though e'er so great  
In art or science, rank or state,  
Think muckle o' himself,  
When he such humbling truths may read  
From the mute mansions o' the dead?  
Hark, how the echoes swell!  
When man is laid in death's cauld kist;  
E'en let him gang; he's never miss'd.

Yet still he strives, and strives in vain,  
The top of Fame's high mount to gain,  
An' mak himself immortal;  
Vain thought! when'er life's taper's out,  
The strongest, sternest loon mair lout,  
An' pass thro' death's dark portal,  
An' there mair lie an' tak his rest;  
The lave live on; he's never miss'd.

See the young man lay in the grave  
His new wed wife he'd died to save  
Frae death's untimely blow,  
He thinks his crape-clad neighbours round,  
Wha whisper in a smother'd sound,  
Are waiting o'er his woe;  
While they are tittering at some jest,  
And his dear wife is never miss'd."

And so on. But we greatly prefer our author in his more kindly humour. It sits naturally upon him, and speaks of a heart warm with love for his fellow-creatures. For instance, what can be more pleasing than the following little song upon

##### THE GREY HILL PLAID.

"Tho' could and drear's our muirland hame  
Among the wreaths o' snaw,  
Yet love here loves wi' purer flame  
Than lights the lordly ha';  
For lika shepherd's chequer'd plaid  
Has room enough for twa,  
And coshly shields his mountain maid  
Frae a' the blasts that blaw.

Then hey the plaid! the grey hill plaid,  
That haps the hearts sae true;  
Dear, dear, to every mountain maid  
Are plaid and bonnet blue.

What tho' we're few upon the muir,  
We lo'e each other mair,  
And to the weary wanderin' puir  
We've comfort aye to spare.  
The heart that feels for ither's woes  
Can ne'er keep love awa;  
And twa young hearts, when beating close,  
Can never lang be twa.

Then hey the plaid! the grey hill plaid,  
That haps the hearts sae true;  
Dear, dear, to every mountain maid  
Are plaid and bonnet blue."

A single sample of the finer prose passages may be quoted.

##### MUSIC.

"All nature acknowledges the influence of music; man bends before its power; and even the inferior animals own its dominion. The deep-toned organ, as it peals through the groined and richly-fretted arches of the lofty cathedral, wafts the soul to heaven on the wings of melody, and elevates the devotional feeling of the sincere worshipper. The clear tinkle of the solitary church-bell in the Sabbath morn, as it echoes among the hills, is felt and responded to by the well-attuned hearts of those who, impressed with its old and sacred associations, repair, at its summons, from their distant homes, to hold sweet converse with their God, in the same church where their forefathers often had met together in the olden time. The sad sound of the pibroch deepens the gloom of the Highland glen. The muffled drum hushes to stillness the noisy voice of the crowded street through which passes the funeral procession of the poor soldier. The blind vocalist, whose voice awakens the dull and silent lane at nightfall, like a spirit wailing among the habitations of the dead, leads after him, in the cold winter time, groups of merry little creatures, who, chained by the ear, follow him through half the town, regardless of the punishment that awaits them on their return home from their nocturnal perambulations. The child, as he leaps and prattles on his nurse's knee, leaps bounding to a lively air, or is hushed asleep by a gentle lullaby. Old frail wrecks of humanity, whose dancing days have long since passed away, will beat time with their staff to the sound of the fiddle. Nations have been conquered, battles have been won, by the influence of music; and many a wounded soldier has shed his last sigh, and fallen asleep in the arms of death, amid dreams of home and friends conjured up by a melody associated with

'Life's morning march, when his bosom was young.'

Feeling assured that Scotsmen resident in England will be delighted with a periodical whose more pro-

minent features are calculated to remind them so vividly of the "north country," we cordially recommend the "*Gaberlunzie's Wallet*" to their attention.

#### NOTES OF A RESIDENCE IN THE BUSH.

##### FIFTH ARTICLE. BY A LADY.

##### FARM NEAR MELBOURNE—CONCLUSION.

OUR unfortunate journey from the bush station was at length brought to a close. After remaining two days in Melbourne, to purchase provisions and some articles of furniture, we proceeded to the farm which we had reason to expect would be our future home. I liked its appearance very much; it was agricultural, with ten acres already in crop, and about thirty cleared. The soil was rich and productive, and immediately we got a garden fenced in, and soon had a supply of vegetables. To complete the establishment, we procured some cows from the station, these animals being reckoned my private property. The chief drawback to our comfort was the want of a house, and we were compelled to live in a tent till one could be prepared for our reception. I was assisted in the domestic arrangements by an aged but willing and active woman, whom we had engaged as servant. Our neighbours round called upon us; but all were men, and I saw no ladies while at the farm for a period of eight months.

All went on well with us till the month of February, when the heat became almost insupportable, the thermometer in our tent being at 110 degrees almost every day, and sometimes 120. It was like living in an oven. All around, the country was parched up to a degree which I am unable to describe. Every thing was as dry as tinder; and while in this state, some shepherds either heedlessly or maliciously set the grass on fire a few miles from our farm, and it came down upon us in a tremendous flame several miles in breadth. Long before I could see it from the tents, I heard the crackling and falling of trees. My husband was in town, also our ploughman with the dray; and we had only one man at the farm, as little work could be done at this season. This man told me he had seen the fire, and that it was coming down as fast as he could walk, and would be upon us in half an hour, when all our tents, &c., would be burned. For a moment I stood in despair, not knowing what to do. I then thought our only chance of safety would be to burn a circle round the tents. I sent the children to the next farm with old Mrs Douglas, our ploughman's wife. Nanny Douglas, a strong active girl, was with us; so we lighted a circle round the tent I occupied, which was the most valuable. We procured branches, and kept beating the flames, to keep them from burning more than a space several yards broad, that the flames might not pass over; but before we had finished the burning, Nanny, who was naturally anxious about her own property, began to burn round her own tent. The fire was too strong for her to keep it down alone, so I saw her tent catch fire at the back, while she was busy beating out the flames in front. I ran to help her to pull down the tent, which she and I did in a few minutes. The tent was nearly all burned, but nothing of consequence was lost inside. Nanny was in a sad state, knowing that her father had several pounds of gunpowder in a basket under his bed. In trying to save this tent, I nearly lost my own, which caught fire; but Nanny, with great activity, ran with a bucket of water she was carrying to throw on the burning tent we had pulled down. She threw it over the part that had caught fire, while I beat with my branch; and we had only a hole about three yards square burned in our tent, and part of our bed which was next that side. We had now got the circle burned, and sat down to rest and contemplate the mischief we had done. We soon found that our exertions might have been spared, for, by the intervention of our ploughed land and a bend in the creek, the fire was divided before it reached us, and went burning and crashing down on each side, several hundred yards from us. It was an awful sight, and I shall never forget it. As it unfortunately happened in the heat of the day, Nanny and I were quite knocked up, and we lay on the ground to rest outside the tent for nearly an hour. Mrs Douglas came home with the children, and began to arrange the beds, &c., in the third tent we had for cooking in.

One of our neighbours, who lived several miles from us, knowing the fire must be near our farm, and my husband not at home, kindly rode over to see if he could assist us. I was glad to see him, as I felt very anxious about my husband, not knowing what might befall him upon his return, as it was now near sun-down, and the fire very near the road he had to travel. Our kind neighbour offered to go to meet him if I could give him a horse, which we soon did, as I had had them tied in a safe place on the other side of the creek. He fortunately met the dray not very far from home, and pointed out a road by which they might still get home ere the fire reached it. Had they been ten minutes later, they could not have got home that night, the fire burned so fiercely, and the horses were afraid of it. My husband and the men sat up all night watching the fire in the woods, which, owing to the darkness, was a most splendid sight, looking like a large town highly illuminated. Next day the conflagration returned upon us in another direction; but we were better prepared for it, and it was kept back by beating it out with branches. All



the gentlemen and servants from our farm, and our neighbours, were employed nearly all day in beating it out, and it was again watched all night.

This fire did much damage to several farms in our neighbourhood, in burning down crops and fences; it burned for nearly a week, and keeping it down was very fatiguing work, owing to the extreme heat of the weather. But, fortunately for the country, we had some very heavy rain, otherwise I am sure we should have had no food left for our cattle, the pasture being nearly all burned. It was astonishing how soon the country looked green again. After two nights of heavy rain, the grass began to spring afresh.

This fire was our crowning misfortune; for though it did little damage to the property, it led to personal illness, against which it was not easy to bear up. I caught a violent cold from being overheated while putting out the fire round our tent; Nanny, also, was ill, and unable to do any work for three weeks. Notwithstanding all my care, I could not get rid of my complaint, as the rains had set in, and our tents, clothes, and beds, were constantly wet. To increase my distress, I was seized one night with asthma, which increased every day. In this exigency my husband had a temporary hut put up for me, which would keep out the wet. It was put up in a week; and although not quite dry, we were very glad to get into it. It was made of young trees or saplings, sunk about a foot in the ground, and nailed at the top to a frame of wood. The saplings were placed quite close, and the walls were then plastered outside and in with mud, and washed over with lime. The roof was of broad paling, and we were very comfortable. Our hut was twenty feet by twelve; but I had a division of canvas put up in the middle for a sick daughter of Mrs Douglas, who had come to try if country air would benefit her. After being three weeks with us, she was advised by our medical attendant to return to the town, where she died in a few days.

I was now very ill, and could not lie in bed with asthma and cough, and my husband was also suffering severely from the effects of cold. Things were now in such a state that it was found impossible to go on with the farm, which we therefore let; and my husband being so fortunate as to get an office under government, we removed to Melbourne. At first, we could not find a house in Melbourne except a new one, and we were afraid to live in it. We were obliged to go to an inn, intending to look about for another house, but I was laid up there for three weeks with a very severe attack, from which I was not expected to recover.

We were exceedingly anxious now to send the children home to my mother, as I was told if I had many such attacks I could not live. I felt this myself; but we could not make up our minds about parting with the children, although we knew that Port Philip was a sad place for children to be left without a mother to watch over them; but, as I got stronger, I could not bear the idea of parting with them, and determined to take great care of myself. We moved to our new house because we could not find another, but it was very damp. I had a threatening of my old complaint, and my husband insisted on my leaving it immediately. He found another very comfortable one, and I continued pretty well in it for two months. I had only a few slight illnesses; but I durst not go out if the weather was at all damp. I had great difficulty in getting a servant when we came to town; indeed, I was without one for some weeks. At last I got a little girl of twelve years of age, till I could hear of a woman-servant. This little girl would not come for less than seven shillings a-week, and instead of being any assistance to me, was a great plague. She was always leading the children into mischief; and whenever I wanted my servant to work, I had to go and bring her home from a game of romps with some neighbouring children. I sent her home at the end of the week with her seven shillings, well pleased to get quit of her; and that very day an Irishwoman came to the door, asking me if I required a servant. She had landed from an emigrant ship three days before. I was delighted to see her, and bade her come in and I would try her. She turned out an honest well-behaved girl, but very slow and very dirty; her wages were twenty pounds a-year. Several ships arrived soon after this with emigrants, and servants began to find great difficulty in getting situations; they were to be seen going about the streets inquiring of every one if they wanted servants. Of course the wages came quickly down; men were now to be hired for twenty and twenty-five pounds a-year, and women from twelve to fifteen. One man I knew, who a month before would not hire under seventy pounds, said he would now be glad of a situation at twenty-five, which he could not get. The servants seemed astonished at the sudden change of things, for which they were not at all prepared.

From compassion, we allowed a number of female emigrants to live in a detached kitchen we had, until they could find situations as servants. They had come lately from Scotland, had little or no money, and lodgings were very high in price. These girls had come out with most magnificent notions, and were sadly disappointed when they found that situations were so difficult to be procured. As is often the case, they out-stood their market; for a few days they were determined to take nothing less than twenty pounds; but I advised them to take at once any re-

spectable situation that offered, and then look out for a better. They found they had to take my advice at last, and most of them hired for twelve and fifteen pounds. Settlers may now expect to get on better, as wages are more reasonable, and they will also be better served, and more independent of their servants. Provisions were still high, but much cheaper than last year, which had been a ruinous one for most of the settlers, who were now feeling the sad effects. Few could say they had not suffered; and of course the storekeepers and shopkeepers participated; but I do think that in this country there is a lightness in the air that prevents one feeling misfortunes so deeply as in England.

Most people like Port Philip after giving it a fair trial, as the delightful and healthful climate compensates for many disagreeables which one has not been accustomed to. The great thing is to get over the first feeling of surprise and disgust. Many find it impossible to do so, and return home to disgust others with their story; but I never yet met one who said, after being in the colony two years, that he would wish to leave it to return home, except for a visit. And this, certainly, notwithstanding what I suffered, is my own feeling towards the country.

To conclude these rough notes: I now commenced a school in Melbourne, and had great encouragement to go on with it, having been offered a number of boarders, indeed more than I could have taken charge of. After a short trial, I was unpleasantly reminded that my health was too uncertain to attempt carrying my plans into execution, otherwise all would have been well. Misfortunes did not fall singly. We had received at this time a severe and unexpected pecuniary disappointment from home, which, I am ashamed to say, notwithstanding the fine light air of Port Philip, made me very ill. My husband insisted on my going home to my mother with the children, until his affairs were arranged; and I may consider myself very happy in having such a home to go to. Had I not been leaving my husband behind me in bad health, I could almost have considered our misfortunes a blessing, as it gave me the unspeakable delight of again seeing my mother—a happiness I had for some time ceased to hope I should ever enjoy, and which had been my only serious regret after leaving home.

I left Melbourne on the 10th September 1841, with the intention of returning some time next year; but that must be determined by my health and other circumstances.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

##### MALTREATMENT OF CALVES.

THE manner in which young calves are abused on their way to the shambles, has frequently been a subject of painful remark. The practice, as far as we have observed it for several years—we speak more particularly of Edinburgh—is to tie the animals across the top of carriers' carts. If the cart were sufficiently broad to allow the animal full space on which to recline, there could be nothing very objectionable; but such is seldom the case. In almost every instance the head hangs over the edge, with mouth and tongue dependent; and the efforts which the afflicted creatures make to keep their muzzle from being grazed by the constantly turning wheels, are the most distressing part of the spectacle. We should be sorry to accuse country carriers, who form a respectable and useful body of men, of any thing like wanton cruelty. They only follow a bad practice, to which long habit has accustomed them, and like many inconsiderate folk, perhaps think that there need be little ceremony with animals about to pass under the hands of the butcher. Heedlessness and ignorance, we believe, are more frequently the cause of the cruelties perpetrated on domestic animals, the calf in particular, than a positive spirit of mischief. Scott, in his "British Field-Sports," mentions an instance in point, which we shall relate:—

Captain B—, one very sultry day, overtook upon the Harrow road a butcher's boy on horseback, having a calf along across the horse, its head hanging down in a most painful posture; and, in addition to that torture, the cord with which its head was fastened passed directly over one of its eyes, galling it most violently. The animal seemed in great agony, and bleated most piteously; whilst the boy rode on, whistling with the utmost unconcern, yet bearing in his countenance no indication of a cruel disposition. The captain remonstrating with him in favour of the poor calf, received for answer from the apparently astonished lad—"Why, sir, what does that signify! it is to die to-morrow or next day!" The gentleman then explained to the boy the nature of a common animal feeling between man and beast, and asked him seriously whether, if he was in the place of the calf, such suffering would not be terrible to him, even although condemned to die on the morrow. The boy, on this question, seemed under a sudden recollection, and affected by a new feeling. Captain B—, finding his medicine to the mind of the poor boy had begun to work, in order to assist the operation, put his hand in his pocket, and presented him with a shilling, saying gravely but kindly, "Remember me to the end of your days." The boy, with a peculiar and softened look of conviction, and his best bow, stammered out—"I will, sir," and immediately

applied to a man on the road to assist him in placing his poor charge in the most comfortable state possible, to endure the remainder of his journey.

Nothing more, we presume, need be said of the agony which calves must necessarily suffer in travelling for hours together in carts with the head downwards. On whatever plea of convenience or economy, it should be instantly checked, and some more humane method of carting the animals to market adopted.

##### CIGARS.

The cigar nuisance has wonderfully abated within these few years; there is, to all appearance, not a tenth of the number of smokers there was some time ago, and those who continue the practice seem to belong to inferior stations. Imitation has knocked cigar-smoking on the head. Having descended to shop lads, and all sorts of apers of gentility, it has been abandoned, as a matter of course, by those of higher rank. From whatever cause, we are glad that this abomination is getting turned out of respectable society.

#### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

##### MADAME CAMPAN.

PERHAPS there never was any age so vicious that it did not produce estimable characters. French society, in the latter part of the last century, was remarkably corrupt, in the upper circles particularly; and the women did not, as a body, form an exception. But even in the centre of a system of profligacy—the court—there were isolated cases of a purity above all suspicion. The subject of this notice, Jeanne Louise Henriette Genet, was born in 1752, of a noble family. Her father, M. Genet, first secretary to the minister of foreign affairs in the court of Louis XV., was a man of talent and virtue, possessing and professing religious feelings, and holding himself clear of surrounding corruptions of every kind. Her mother was likewise a person of superior endowments. M. Genet superintended the education of his daughter, to whom he imparted views as to the nurture of youth much in advance of his age. Though reared in retirement, the fame of the extraordinary intelligence of Mademoiselle Genet did not fail to reach the court, and, while she was yet in her fifteenth year, she was offered the situation of *lectrice*, or reader, to Mesdames, the sisters of the reigning monarch (Louis XVI.). Her parents were unwilling that she should take this post, for they dreaded the difficulties and dangers attending it; but having many children, and inadequate means of providing for them, they at length allowed her—though not without first impressing her with many an earnest counsel and warning—to enter the service of the princesses.

Marie Antoinette, on being united, in 1770, to the dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., was thrown much upon the uncongenial society of her husband's grand-aunts, for there was almost no other company to which she could with safety resort in such a scene of frivolity. Here the young dauphiness became acquainted with Mademoiselle Genet. Similarity of age, as well as of tastes and talents, made them almost immediately friends, as far as disparity of rank permitted. Not long after, the young *lectrice* was married to M. Campan, private secretary to the dauphiness, who gave her on this occasion a dowry of five hundred livres per annum, and constituted her her own first woman of the bed-chamber, allowing her at the same time to serve Mesdames as formerly. When the dauphiness became queen, Madame Campan, as first woman of her bedchamber, was a distinguished court figure. The former friendship still subsisted. Madame Campan, in her Memoirs, has given us a striking picture of the private life of her royal mistress, whom she has effectually cleared from many scandalous stories raised against her by her enemies. The elaborate and wearisome etiquette to which the royal family of France was subjected, has also met with a faithful chronicler in the subject of our notice. During the terrible scenes connected with the Revolution, Madame Campan remained constantly attached to her unfortunate mistress, as long as she was allowed to do so. During the awful night of the 10th of August (1792), when the populace attacked the Tuilleries, with the most deadly designs against the royal family and all connected with it, Madame Campan only escaped destruction by leaping from a high window and taking refuge in a cellar, where she lay some time concealed beneath a small vat.

During the miserable imprisonment of the royal family, Madame Campan thrice threw herself at the feet of the republican mayor, Petion, to petition for permission to attend the queen, although well knowing the danger to which she would subject herself by so doing. Her claim was each time rejected with insult. A report has been propagated that she was the person who betrayed the royal family at the period of its flight to Varennes; but there is not the least ground for this report, which must have been owing to royalist jealousy; for Madame Campan, though devotedly attached to Marie Antoinette, was somewhat of a liberal in her own sentiments, and her nearest relations were rather conspicuous on the same side. During the reign of extreme Jacobinism, she had the honour of being denounced by Robespierre, and she was eagerly sought after by his myrmidons; but she was fortunate enough to avoid falling into their hands. A month after the fall of that wretched man, she found herself possessed of an assignat for five hundred francs,



the value of which, in the best days of republican credit, was only twenty pounds: with this she was called upon to provide for herself, a dying husband, a son nine years old, an infirm and aged mother, and some other members of her ruined family. At the same time, she was under obligations for her husband's debts. An ordinary spirit would have quailed under such circumstances, but that of Madame Campan proved equal to the difficulty. Since her early days, when studying under her excellent father, she had given much of her thoughts to education, for the business of which she seemed to have a natural aptitude. This suggested to her the honourable expedient of setting up a boarding-school, or *pension*, for young ladies. She chose St Germain, near Paris, as a situation at once suitable for the purpose and agreeable to herself; and, to give a guarantee of her religious principles, she took with her a nun of *L'Enfant Jesus*. Unable, from her slender funds, to have a prospectus printed, she wrote out with her own hand a hundred copies, which she sent to those friends who had survived the late commotions. She began with three pupils; at the year's end she had sixty; soon afterwards a hundred. She then bought furniture, and discharged her debts. Her excellent personal character, the reputation of her system, and, perhaps, in no small measure, that reluctant veneration which was paid even by republicans to the survivors of the old court, seem to have been the causes of her success.

A lady, who was brought up in Madame Campan's school, writes to us as follows:—"Her plan of instruction was formed on principles which had been suggested to a naturally vigorous and well-disposed mind, by a long course of reflection on the attributes of the female character, and the proper position and influence of woman in society. It embraced the inculcation of simple and sincere piety, of the purest and firmest morality, the beauty and importance of the performance of all domestic duties, with the observance of order, method, and punctuality, joined to a warm love of country, and a faithful and persevering devotion to all prescribed branches of acquirement. The sufferings experienced by herself and country during the Revolution gave a perceptible colour to her views; and it was obvious that she sought, as one leading object, to prepare her pupils to act with energy and fortitude in the event of their being exposed to such calamities as she herself and so many others had then experienced."

In her *Memoirs*, Madame Campan informs us, that not long after the opening of her school, a literary friend mentioned it to Madame de Beauharnois, then a leading person amongst the chiefs of the republic:—"She brought me her daughter Hortense, and her niece Emilie. Six months after, she came to inform me of her marriage with a Corsican gentleman, who had been brought up in the military school, and was then a general. I was requested to communicate this information to her daughter, who long lamented her mother's change of name." It appears that the young Mademoiselles de Beauharnois slept in the same room with Madame Campan's daughters, so that a considerable intimacy sprang up between them. When Bonaparte returned from his Italian campaign, he was pleased with the progress made by his step-daughter, and began to take notice of her instructress. Hortense became, in time, a queen, but did not on that account forget her old mistress. She was surprised, however, that Madame Campan never treated her with the deferential etiquette which was due to her royal station. When playfully remonstrated with on this point, Madame Campan as playfully excused herself, saying, that she feared she should never be able to bow the knee to one who had once been under her rod!

Madame Campan had intended her establishment as a private one; but it became in time so large, as to assume something like a public character. Our informant recollects when its four classes were under the care of a set of masters not less than thirty in number, while Madame's own eye was present every where. The masters and mistresses were all of them persons of the highest reputation in their various departments. At the annual examinations, prizes were bestowed for every kind of merit, from the first draughtswoman and the nicest observer of method and order, down to the best maker of a shirt! An inscription appeared on every prize, as well as upon the table d'essaim itself, "*LES TALENS SONT L'ORNEMENT DES RICHES, ET LA RICHESSE DU PAUVRE*"—(literally, "Talents are the ornament of the rich, and the riches of the poor.") Madame had made up a kind of catalogue of the requisite points of female education: a copy of this was sent monthly to the parents or guardians of every young lady, carefully filled up by the superior's own hand, according to the literary progress and moral excellences of the pupil. A similar account of the individuals of each class was handed to her every week by the masters. While the professed religion of the establishment was Catholic, it contained pupils of almost every persuasion, and of every Christian country from Greece to Denmark—it may also be said, of almost every rank in society, or at least from the very highest to the inferior department of the middle class. Rank enjoyed no preference of any kind: goodness of disposition, and superior ability and application, were the only means of securing distinction. One feeling of enthusiastic veneration for Madame Campan herself ran through the whole establishment.

Bonaparte had a high sense of the merits of this excellent and useful woman. When rising into political distinction, he twice attended a representation of *Esther* at her school. During the consulate, he said to her one day, "If I ever make a republic of women, I shall name you first consul." On his attaining the imperial throne, Madame Campan supplied him with authentic particulars of the etiquette of the former court, on which to model his own. A few years afterwards, on reviving the establishment of St Cyr at Ecouen, he nominated Madame Campan to its head—a change of situation, but not of duties. This establishment was an asylum for the orphans and sisters of the soldiers of the legion of honour. It was conducted on precisely the same principles as the school at St Germain. One of Madame Campan's nieces had, meanwhile, married Marshal Ney; another was lady of honour to the queen of Holland. We cannot suppose her thus enjoying the patronage of the Bonapartes without having become attached to them; but this was a change of feeling general in France, and which was scarcely to be wondered at, when we consider how settled the new dynasty appeared at that time to be in the chair of St Louis. It is also to be remembered, that the attachment of this lady to the old royal family did not extend to their political principles. Madame Campan was a woman of honour, but not a political bigot. It is remarkable how well she estimated the faults as well as the merits of Napoleon. The following strikingly just and acute remarks upon him were made by her in conversation:—"Napoleon's genius elevated him, but his temper proved his ruin. A restless, ambitious, reserved, and hasty temper, united with imperial power, was naturally calculated to give offence to those who approached him. Human vanity is a delicate string, which should be touched with the greatest caution. Napoleon conceived that his vast power exempted him from the forms which engage the love of subjects, and call forth sentiments of attachment. He seemed to think that he was sufficient to himself, and the many imperfections which he observed in mankind rendered him somewhat misanthropic. This disposition caused him to feel the ingratitude of many persons, because he mortified their vanity; and the vanity of the great, when it is once wounded, never forgives. He knew how to govern his subjects and Europe, but he could never govern himself." After his dethronement by the allies in 1814, Madame Campan had the honour of receiving a visit from the Emperor Alexander, who, looking from the leads of her house to the scene of the battle of Paris, told her that his army had only powder for two hours when the French army retired. She appears to have been on good terms with the restored royal family, to whom she communicated a list of the contents of a pocket-book confided to her care by Louis XVI. Napoleon, on his return from Elba, found this list, and ordered it to be sent to the office of foreign affairs for preservation, as a valuable historical document. Amidst the hurry of the hundred days, he found time to visit his young ladies at Ecouen. They were so delighted to see him, that they crowded around him, endeavoured to touch his clothes, and broke into the most noisy expressions of joy. The governess wished to impose silence on them—"Let them alone," said he; "their gaiety annoys the head a little, but it does good to the heart."

With Napoleon fell this establishment. Madame Campan now retired to the bosom of a small circle of friends at Nantes, where she spent some years in quiet, but not in enjoyment. She had been attacked by cancer, and her name was brought before the public by a calumniator in a way which must have given her the greatest uneasiness. To crown her griefs, her only son, on whose education she had bestowed the utmost pains, was snatched from her. Her chief employment during these latter years was the composition of a work on education, which has been acknowledged to possess great merit. She had previously gone in part over the same ground in a series of "Letters to her Son." The "*Memoirs of the Private Life of Marie Antoinette*," the work which has rendered her name historical, was written during her residence at St Germain. It is acknowledged to have placed the history and character of the unfortunate queen in such a light, that the calumnies uttered against her during her life, and after her death, can never more be brought forward by any writer of credit.

Early in 1822, the disease under which Madame Campan laboured seemed to be making fatal progress. She resolved to submit to an operation, though at the risk of immediate death. Having first fulfilled all her religious observances, she went through this trial with a firmness astonishing to all who were present. Although it soon appeared that the worst results would follow, her fortitude and presence of mind never forsook her. During the few days which elapsed before her death, she conversed freely and cheerfully on miscellaneous subjects, and even exerted herself to maintain the spirits of her attendants. On the political prospects of France she thus spoke to her friend M. Maigne:—"I quit the scene of life after having witnessed many vicissitudes; and every thing seems to forbode that France will yet be exposed to violent convulsions. Tranquillity will not be established until sentiments of justice predominate, which they must ultimately do, for truth has asserted her rights. The light so much detested has penetrated everywhere. It is criminal to think on politics without having an eye to

that public happiness on which private happiness depends. The governments of Europe are at present guided by ideas and prejudices which are below the level of the age; the carriage is driven along old tracks, and it will not go smoothly until it reaches level ground. Power should be centred only in the law; it is misplaced any where else: it has no other resting-place which sound reason can acknowledge. Those who think otherwise are blinded by the dust of old parchments. They seem to forget that ruling by ordinances is out of date. People want something more substantial; they will no longer submit to the caprice of a minister, without complaining. The time for that is gone by." The wisdom of these remarks might not be far to seek; but at that time ordinary minds were not apt to find it, and few of any kind could have expressed it so well.

On the morning of her decease (16th March, 1822), she had her will drawn up. When it came to be signed, her hand trembled, and she said with a smile, "It would be a pity to stop short on so pleasant a road." Although very weak, and forbidden to speak, she persisted in addressing her friends. One had retired to a little distance; she called to her in a tone of voice less gentle than usual. The lady quickly approached, when, feeling the fault of which she had been guilty, she said, "How imperatively one speaks when one has not time to be polite!" Soon after this, Madame Campan fell into a lethargy, in which she breathed her last without any apparent suffering.

#### GARSTON'S VISIT TO GREECE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unsettled condition of the Greek government, and the semi-barbarous vices which taint the Greek character, there are not wanting grounds for a hope that the future progress of the country and its people will be upward. A fresh writer on Greece,\* Mr Edgar Garston, encourages this hope by the very favourable views which he gives of the characters of many of its present leading men, and by the gay and lively scenes which he paints, indicating increasing quietude and comfort among the actors in them. We do not propose formally to review this production, which, to speak the truth, is of too slight a texture to bear such examination; but we shall make one or two brief extracts, from which our readers may judge for themselves.

Arriving at Athens in February 1840, after a lapse of fourteen years since a former visit, Mr Garston was agreeably surprised at the numerous evidences of an improved state of things. "Although what I had seen at Patras had in some measure prepared me for the change, the contrast which the present state of the Piræus presents with its appearance in 1826 did not fail to produce a lively impression upon me. When I was there at that time, a half-ruined monastery, and a few cottages and huts in an equally dilapidated state, were the only buildings which occupied the shores of the harbour; while in the harbour itself were anchored only a few caiques and mysticos. Now, besides a crowd of small craft and merchant vessels of other nations, are anchored in the harbour ships of war of almost every European power, and on its shores are ranges of handsome houses, and a town of no inconsiderable extent. Instead of the ruin and desolation, and almost solitude, which I left at that time, I have found a scene of activity and prosperity, and a numerous and busy population, mixed up with sailors of various nations. The lazaretto, the dogana, the cafés, the carriages drawn up at the landing-place, were all so inconsistent with my reminiscences of a spot where, as an invalid, I had with difficulty found a roof which could protect me from the rain, that for a moment I felt as if under the influence of a dream. I should, indeed, have accused him of dreaming who, fourteen years ago, would have told me that I should one day find myself at the Piræus bargaining in my best Roman for a conveyance to Athens in a good britschka, or that I should be driven from the one place to the other by a coachman in full Albanian costume. Such was the case with me yesterday; and I confess that it was no disagreeable contrast to be conveyed at a round pace, and along an excellent road, over the same ground which it then required some caution to traverse on horseback.

This modern mode of travelling permitted me to luxuriate in the beauty of the approach to Athens, which, to be appreciated, must be seen, and seen, too, at the hour when the Acropolis is gilded by the rays of the setting sun, and every outline of the rock, the walls, and the columns, is defined with the delicacy of an etching. When I first visited Athens, I acknowledged the approach to the city under such circumstances to be unrivalled in beauty and in splendour; but the scene of yesterday evening seemed to me yet richer than the picture treasured up in my memory. As I called to mind that many an exile had wept at the same sacred columns receded from his view, I should have pronounced the tribute of tears to be justly paid to the beauty of the objects they were compelled to quit, independent of the associations which, at such a moment, patriotism and religion would summon before them.

The view I have of the modern city is most gratifying, as it extends in every direction over spacious and well-built mansions, indicating the presence of

\* "*Greece Revisited, and Sketches in Lower Egypt in 1840.*" By Edgar Garston, Knight of the St. M. Greek order of the *Bavov*.



wealth and tranquillity, where I last saw only misery and destitution, and ruins blackened by the outrages and vicissitudes of war. To complete the chapter of contrasts of yesterday, I accompanied some of my fellow-passengers to the opera, where I heard 'Lucia di Lammermoor' performed in a very respectable style. The king and queen were present, the former in an Albanian dress, which appeared to sit as easily upon him as if he had been bred a pallekar; the latter dressed with much simplicity in the fashion of Europe. Among the maids of honour, a fair daughter of the justly celebrated Marco Bozzaris was pre-eminent in beauty; but even she must yield the palm to her fairer sovereign."

The beauty of the queen of Greece is described as something superlative:—"First in beauty and in grace, as in rank, among the fair denizens of the saloon, was the queen; who, as she glided through the mazes of mazourka, waltz, and quadrille, was literally and deservedly the cynosure of every eye. Her countenance beamed with kindness and good feeling; and altogether, she is a princess for whom, in days of yore, belted knights would right joyously have splintered their lances and jeopardised their limbs and their hearts. Wherever she addressed a passing remark, whether to young or old, a glow of gratification suffused the countenance of the favoured individual, evidently a tribute spontaneously offered rather to the graceful and lovely woman than to the sovereign."

My presentation to their majesties was rather a nervous affair for one all unused to courtly ceremonial. Owing to my late arrival in the rooms, I had to go through the ceremony unaccompanied, except by Sir Edmund Lyons, who did me the honour of being my godfather on the occasion. It took place in the centre of the saloon, during a pause between the dances, and I was thus necessarily converted into a target for the critical eyes of the surrounding circle. I thought, at the moment, that I should have preferred again taking my chance, in the same capacity, in a mountain onslaught. A most gracious reception on the part both of the king and of his fair princess speedily convinced me that the latter selection would have been an injudicious one, and rendered me proof against the 'artillery' by which I was, or imagined myself to be, surrounded.

During the short conversation with which I was honoured by the queen, she questioned me as to the changes which I had remarked at Athens, in such a manner as to give me to understand that the circumstances of my former residence in the country were not unknown to her. This I mention, not as a matter from which to draw any self-gratulation, but as an instance of tact in the exercise of the 'métier de prince'; for I believe it to be generally admitted that a sovereign ought, in order the more effectually to win 'golden opinions,' to show a degree of acquaintance with the history of every one by whom he is approached. When the sovereign is a beautiful woman, sentiments of grateful loyalty will be lavishly poured out in return for such semblance of personal interest; for the strongest of us are weak when our vanity is assailed by beauty alone, and still more so when that beauty is encircled by a royal diadem."

Another gay Athenian scene fell about the same time under our author's eye:—"The first day of the Greek Lent fell upon the 9th instant. It is not distinguished from the days which close the carnival otherwise than by a general abstinence from animal food, the maskers still retaining their carnival attire. It is somewhat curious for a Frank to see worn as masquerade dresses the every-day costume of his own country. Among the masks of this day, which in general were badly dressed and without meaning, I observed one group which was by no means deficient in character. It was composed of two individuals dressed as Europeans of fashion, attended by a third in the Turkish dress carrying an umbrella, camp-stool, &c., representing two European travellers and their dragoman. From time to time the Franks would make a halt, take out their portfolios, and be seemingly intently occupied in taking a sketch, or in drawing the portrait of some one whom they would stop for that purpose. anon they would enter into conversation with another of the passers-by, through the medium of their attendant, as if themselves ignorant of the country, and affecting to be much struck with some remark or reply, would take out their note-books and set it down therein, with an air of infinite satisfaction. It was really a good practical satire upon the bearing of many European travellers."

About two, P.M., accompanied by my friend K—, I strolled out of the city in the direction of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, in the neighbourhood of which it is customary for the Athenians to congregate on this day, and to partake in public of their first Lenten meal. The spectacle which awaited us was of a most animated and interesting character, and distinguished by peculiarities which would in vain be sought for elsewhere than on Attic soil.

The day was brilliantly clear, and the greater part of the population of Athens had quitted the city, and was collected on the plain around the ruins of the temple, along the banks of the Ilissus, on the Eleusinium, and on the rocky sides of the hills which rise abruptly beyond the bed of the river. Several thousands of people, of both sexes, and of all ages, were thus assembled in a sort of natural amphitheatre of about a third of a mile in diameter. Some, like ourselves, were there merely as spectators; but by far

the greater number were active partakers in the occupations of the day, which were by no means those of a day of fasting.

Here was to be seen a family group seated in a circle on the turf, tranquilly discussing their bread and olives, and washing down with wine their otherwise abstemious fare; there was a more numerous band already slightly exhilarated by the juice of the grape, linked hand in hand, and threading the mazes of the albanitika—their movements regulated by the simple notes of the mandolin, or not unfrequently by the cadences of their own voices; hard by, a party of a more grave character stood listening to the song or recitation of some Homer of modern times; on the outskirts of the assemblage were horsemen, both gentle and simple, in *point-de-vice* European uniform, and in flowing Albanian camise and capote, skirting across the plain in quest of admiration; bright eyes glancing from many of the groups, and bestowing the desired meed; and a general air of joyousness and contentment pervading alike actors and spectators. Such was the character of the scenes of animated life, with which the distant view of the Ægean and its isles, glowing in sunshine, but undimmed by the haze which accompanies intense heat, was in perfect harmony. Meanwhile, the monuments of the Athens of other ages—the silent Stadium—the stately and palm-like columns of the Olympium—the Acropolis, severe in beauty—were thrown into bolder relief by the contrast which their desolate aspect offered to the gay and brilliant groups which thronged in their vicinity.

The king and queen, with a brilliant suite of attendants, among whom was the lovely Mademoiselle Bozzaris, made their appearance on the ground in the course of the afternoon, and mingled with the crowd, so far as a band of equestrians might do so without danger to their neighbours."

With one of those anecdotes which have been mentioned as placing the present leading men of Greece in a pleasing light, we shall conclude. The Greek minister of Marine, named Kriezis, had been a prisoner at Algiers in 1811, along with his brother, also the holder of an important office:—"The two Kriezis were made captives, together with many others of their countrymen; and, at the commencement of their captivity, all were employed indiscriminately in the naval arsenal and in other public works, and were treated with much severity. The dey, however, having observed the deference with which the younger Kriezis was treated by his countrymen, and the influence which he exercised over them, relieved him from all manual labour, and appointed him superintendent over the works in which they were employed. The elder brother continued to be occupied at task-work as before; but his fate, as well as that of the other Hydriotes, was alleviated in no inconsiderable degree through the influence which the younger Kriezis had acquired with the dey. They had been in captivity about a year, when an order was received from Constantinople, enjoining the dey to release all the Hydriote captives. The dey partly complied with and partly evaded the order, by setting at liberty a limited number of them, among whom was the present minister of Marine. He, however, besought the dey to release, in his stead, his elder brother, who had a wife and family at Hydra, proposing to take upon himself his labours in the arsenal. The dey complied with his prayer, but did not liberate him in reward of so noble a sacrifice. He remained in slavery nearly three years longer, after which a further and more peremptory order from Constantinople caused him and the other Hydriotes to be set free without ransom. His family, in the interim, had sent to him, through a Jewish merchant at Algiers, the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, in order that he might negotiate his liberation. Instead of applying it to that purpose, he devoted the entire sum to the relief of his poorer countrymen and companions in captivity. Such actions need no comment; they deserve to be recorded in letters of gold, rather than in so humble a page as mine!"

#### IMPROVEMENT IN MAKING BUTTER.

At a late meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, a Mr W. Were, who for thirty years has been engaged in the butter trade, communicated the following suggestions for improving the qualities of fresh and salt butter:—"Solidity and firmness are of more consequence than is generally allowed; the nearer the butter can be made of the consistency of wax, the longer it will keep its flavour; as it is not so easily acted upon by the air, it will retain less salt; and being divested more effectually of the buttermilk, will be less disposed to acidity. To accomplish this, rather more fine table-salt should be put to the cream than is generally used after churning, because a part will be left with the buttermilk; or strong clean brine should be mixed with the cream or butter; the hand to be used in the making as little as possible (the earlier the butter is made, and the cooler the dairy, the better; the latter should be washed out with salt and water the first and last thing every day). The hand relaxes the texture of the butter; it might, by practice, be avoided altogether, by using wooden pats for putting it into casks or making it into shape for sale, which will press out the whey by beating. These pats must be always kept in a tub of fresh cold water, which will prevent the adhering of the butter, and keep them cool. The quantity of salt or brine required will in some degree depend on the season of the year, the distance to be sent, and time to be kept. Brine is preferable to salt, as the butter is smoother and better flavoured. If salt

be used, it may be in the proportion of half an ounce, mixed with two drachms of fine saltpetre, and two drachms of fine yellow dry Jamaica sugar to every pound of butter. If the butter be made up in lumps for the market, every lump should be wrapped round with calico soaked in brine; if the latter be weak and watery, it may be injurious. If the butter be put into a firkin or half firkin, the cask should be made of white oak, ash, sycamore, or beech (the whiter the wood and hoops the better), well-seasoned by scalding out several times with hot brine. It should be made water-tight, with head and bottom grooved; three pounds should be allowed for sockage. If the butter is very choice, a salt cloth should be wrapped around it. This can be kept in its place by a hoop, which can be removed as the cask fills; in either case the cloths can be returned or sold. Many use cloth instead of paper in sending out their butter. Much observation, attention, and arrangement is required to see and judge what improvement can be effected in butter; comparative statements from different dairies at different times—the temperament of the milk and cream in the different stages—the situation and state of the dairy—the quantity and quality of cream in different localities, under different management—the effects of various sorts of salt, brine, sugar, honey, or saltpetre, mixed with the milk, the cream, or the butter—the effect of mixing different milks together—the effect of heat and acid applied in churning—the best sort of colouring—the effect of dry, wet, or shady pasture, also of regular exercise for the cows—if any; and what effect as to production of cream in proportion to the milk given by the cows, if feeding on corn or grain, or by adding meal in the water for drink." The wooden pats recommended by Mr Were to be used instead of the hands in making butter, consist of a thin spatula (a foot long by three inches broad) and a solid spoon-shaped implement (a few inches longer), with longitudinal grooves on its flat inner surface for dabbing, pressing, and crimping the butter. Mr Burke adverted to the importance of selection of the proper kind of salt adapted to each kind of butter and cheese, attributing the superiority of the Dutch to their care in this particular. He also stated that in many parts of Holland brine was added, not to the butter itself, but to the cream from which it was to be obtained; and that he believed honey to be preferable to sugar as an addition for improving its quality.

#### DR TURNBULL'S OPERATIONS ON THE EYE.

We have much pleasure in copying the following notice respecting Dr Turnbull's operations from the *Literary Gazette* for June 11, 1842, the name of whose editor is a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of the statements. It would appear that the ingenious doctor is as successful in his operations on the eye as on the ear:—

"Three weeks ago, in a notice to correspondents, we mentioned that we had 'heard of Dr Turnbull's case of blindness by the fumes of prussic acid,' but had no personal knowledge of the process; which notice immediately procured us an invitation from Dr Turnbull to witness the cases of several patients, from five or six to above twenty years of age, who were under his treatment for this sad calamity. We accordingly attended; and it is not easy to express our astonishment and gratification at what we saw. The various stages of cure, advanced in our presence, by the simple application, for about half a minute, or until a little warmth was felt by the patient, of the vapour of hydrocyanic acid in a small phial, held up to the eye, with an aperture fitting the form of that organ; the various nature of the diseases so assailed—opacities of the cornea, inflammation, cataract, amaurosis, iritis, &c., &c.; the various stages of relief which the patients had reached, with sometimes one eye opened to sight, and pleasurable to look upon, and the other left nearly blind and in its pristine deformity, to show what had been achieved; the various appearances of films removing, cataracts breaking up and being gradually re-absorbed, pupils being redeveloped, and other altogether extraordinary symptoms of remedy and regeneration, filled us, we repeat, with wonder and delight."

One child had been totally blind from six days old—had been taught to read on the raised letters by the system now introduced into schools for the blind; but it could now see these letters, and—it was a curious phenomenon to behold—could equally read them by touch and by sight! The only difference was a singular alteration in the tone of voice and pronunciation when reading in the two ways; that by the eye being far more natural, and like the usual reading to which we are accustomed, than the other, which was monotonous, and with an air of difficulty even amid the singular readiness acquired by this method.

Other cases there were of the wonderful production of the power of vision to those born blind; but we select the case of a girl 22 years of age, and therefore fully capable to comprehend and to answer any question put to her. In utter darkness for thirteen years previously to her coming under Dr Turnbull's treatment, she now can see her way, and can distinguish countenances and colours.

If possible, a more marked instance of the efficacy of the curative process was exhibited in a young man who had worked for many years at bookbinding. Inflammation, and subsequent *eminent* treatment, lancing, &c., had rendered him so totally blind, that for some time before, and during the first two or three attendances for the application of the prussic-acid vapour, he was obliged to be led. But he told us that now he could safely dispense with such aid, and readily discern objects. Soon, we have little doubt, he will be restored to his calling and to independence.

Another most interesting example of the value of this discovery was that of a gentleman from Canada. He had been afflicted in one eye with cataract and blindness for ten years. His remark to us was, that when he first came to England, he could not, with the diseased eye, distinguish a cow from a horse. Now he could mark and recognise countenances with it, and could appreciate the



visible distinctions of a sovereign and a shilling. This he did in our presence, but much more readily after the vapour of the highly concentrated acid had dilated the pupil, and, to a certain degree, even in the short space of time occupied by the action of the vapour, attenuated or dispersed the cloudy coats of the cataract.

Having witnessed and assured ourselves of the reality of these things, we sought the *rationale*, the source of the discovery, and the causes of the effects. Dr Turnbull's answer was, that the datum which had suggested the first experiments to him was the evidence afforded in all cases of death from poisoning with prussic acid; it was recorded, in every instance, that the eye of the corpse was observed for days as clear and lucid as if still in life. This led him to conceive that the acid exerted a specific action on the eye. He argued, that any medicament which produced such a symptom after disease must possess certain powers over the living subject; and he ventured upon his course of investigation accordingly. The principle was speedily developed. The eye and all around it soon dilated and reddened. It was evident that the red arterial blood rushed into the minutest fibres of the veins, and excited a strong action throughout the whole of the capillary processes. Not the slightest pain arose; a sedative influence appeared to be exercised on the nerves of sensation; and even if inflammation existed, it was rapidly removed. The eye, however, presented all the symptoms of violent inflammation, which is the truly natural curative process, yet without the suffering of the struggle between nature and disease. The humours became quickly and singularly active; by degrees the seat of the disease was assaulted, and a healthful tendency created, either to supply deficiencies or to remove obstructions. By repeating the applications, the cures were completed.

The first thought that suggested itself to us, having no near or dear relative so heavily afflicted, was the restoration to the blessings of the faculty of vision of an amiable and much beloved prince. Painful operations have been tried with little or no success. Here was, then, a treatment involving no suffering, entailing no distressing consequence, endangering no other faculty, but, to our conviction, insuring relief and restoration. "Why not at once make known this discovery to the Prince of Hanover?" we exclaimed. In answer, we were pleased to be informed that on that very morning four gentlemen who had witnessed the treatment, had been, equally with us, delighted with the wonders of the hydrocyanic vapour; and with the hope of cure for the illustrious scion of our royal family, one of them, personally intimate with the king, had expressed his intention forthwith to communicate what he had observed to Prince George of Hanover.

On inquiry what the results might be on old or short sights, Dr Turnbull laughingly replied, that hydrocyanic acid would soon supersede spectacles; it so altered and helped the vision in either case, that no doubt could exist of its applicability to their relief and restoration. Be this as it may, we hesitate not strongly to recommend the wonderful discovery of the cure for blindness."

#### THE COMMUNITY OF SHAKERS.

MISDIRECTED religious sentiment has on few occasions taken a more extravagant form than in the case of the Shakers—a sect confined, as far as we are aware, to the United States of America. The following account of a community of this sect is from a manuscript volume submitted to us by a gentleman lately returned from America:—

"From Hudson we proceeded through a level but not well-cultivated country, the soil generally sandy and poor, to Stockbridge, and thence drove to the village belonging to the Shakers. They are a cleanly and industrious people, and were it not for their wild and peculiar tenets of religion, they might be held up as an example to others. Those who wish to become members of the society must deposit all they possess in the common purse, and then enter upon a kind of probation, before they are admitted. There are no drones among them; all must work for the good of the common stock; and the produce of their labour, having obtained a character, commands a higher price in the market than the general run of similar articles; so that they may be considered as a prosperous body. Their houses are large, kept clean to minuteness, and are comfortably furnished. From twenty to thirty dwell and mess together, the women and men in separate dwellings; nevertheless, the two sexes appear to be upon the most friendly footing with each other. It is a first principle of the Shakers that the sexes should live entirely apart, this being, as they think, necessary to righteousness. Hence, as a community, they must either recruit from the body of society at large, or become extinct. There are two stores in the village for the sale of the various products of their labour, such as baskets, stockings, shirtings, gloves, shoes, butter, cheese, hams, garden and vegetable seeds of all kinds, cabinet ware, worsted jackets, &c., all in exact order, and showing a neatness and arrangement that would shame a first-rate Bond Street milliner. Nothing could exceed the neatness and cleanliness of the dairy and milk-house; in fact, the floor was shining as bright as any dining table I ever saw, and even their workshops were all equally well regulated. Having accompanied the head of the Shakers through the whole of the establishment, we left the village, and went on to Lebanon.

On the following day, being Sunday, we retraced our steps, to see the worship of this singular people. We found the chapel a handsome large building, and equally clean with their dwelling-houses. There were two entrances to it: one for the females, the other for the men; the floors were bright, and shining like mirrors; the walls were painted bright green, and the

roof white. There were about two hundred and thirty female Shakers present, and nearly the same number of males; they occupied forms facing each other, on opposite sides of the church. The former were all dressed alike, in white caps, shaped close to the head, covering most of the cheeks, coming all round close to the neck, and tied under the chin; also neckerchiefs, and light-brown stuff gowns up to the neck, made loose, something similar to a morning wrapper, which precluded the possibility of forming even an idea of their figure. The men wore long drab coats down to their heels, blue cloth waistcoats, and light-brown cloth trousers, high-heeled shoes, and red stockings. They had all a peculiar expression of countenance, and it seemed to me that the whole members of the society had the same formation of nose, like a triangle, but very small, and sharp at the end. The service commenced on a signal given by the head master, or trustee, on which they all rose, and piled the forms upon one another at their respective ends of the church. They then stood up, in open rows, of thirty each, leaving an open space between the sexes, but facing each other. They then, with uplifted hands, made three prostrations, and sang successively, with good effect, three hymns to as many lively airs. The superintendent then stepped forward, and addressed the visitors, of whom there were about three hundred present, requesting them to demean themselves properly while the members showed their gratitude, in gladness and singing of heart, for the unspeakable riches of salvation to a lost world. The men, then, with great coolness, took off their coats, and the whole faced to the east, keeping still the open space betwixt the men and the women; and while the whole body of the Shakers struck up a merry tune, somewhat like "Jenny Dang the Weaver," and sang a hymn, they danced away with all their might, retreating and advancing as if they were practising a fandango. This continued for half an hour, when they again turned and faced each other; they then sang another hymn to a lively tune, and afterwards remained silent for a few minutes, as if engaged in prayer. Ten men and ten women then stepped forward into the middle of the chapel, and formed themselves into a circle to act as a band; next to them, the more youthful Shakers formed two and two abreast; and next to them, the older ones formed five and five abreast, the men and the women still keeping themselves apart from each other. The band then struck up a merry tune, and the two outer circles danced round the band in opposite directions, making sad grimaces, tossing their heads, clapping their hands, and capering like so many maniacs, the perspiration pouring down their faces, which showed that the exercise they were indulging in was no joke. Upon a signal being given, they put on their coats, and formed into column, when they all knelt, and in that posture sang a hymn. After this, they arranged the forms, sang three additional hymns to merry dancing tunes, and thus ended the service—a service which can only impress the spectator with pity for the deluded mortals who practise it. This community of Shakers is rich, being possessed of about ten thousand acres of land, which may be worth five million dollars, besides other property, which may be worth as much more, so that, with frugality and industry, they may accumulate vast wealth; and as they are indefatigable in their exertions to procure proselytes to their religious opinions, they may, at some future period, have too great an influence over the minds of the poor and ignorant, and thus become an object of legislative interference.

Besides the Shakers we saw at the chapel, there are about eighty others, who have so far succeeded in overcoming the natural feelings, that they are considered by themselves, and by the members of the society, as perfect, and pure in mind and body, and that therefore they ought not to make any profession of their faith before men, but to confine it to the single eye of Him whom they worship alone in spirit and in truth. This class keep by themselves, and have great influence in the society; although many here assert that they are much greater rogues than saints—a point on which I do not feel qualified to give an opinion."

#### VESSELS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

A return has been laid before Parliament of the number of vessels above fifty tons burden, and the total amount of their tonnage registered at each of the ports of Great Britain and Ireland, including the Channel Islands. The three chief ports in England are London, Liverpool, and Newcastle; in Scotland, Glasgow (including Greenock and Port Glasgow), Aberdeen, and Dundee; in Ireland, Belfast, Cork, and Dublin. The returns for these places are as follow:—London, 5,405 vessels, 598,554 tons; Liverpool, 1,097 vessels, 307,852 tons; Newcastle, 1,143 vessels, 259,571 tons; Glasgow, 662 vessels, 187,545 tons; Aberdeen, 298 vessels, 52,443 tons; Dundee, 282 vessels, 50,960 tons; Belfast, 250 vessels, 44,458 tons; Cork, 221 vessels, 29,765 tons; Dublin, 154 vessels, 23,072 tons. Total for England, 10,804 vessels, 2,633,345 tons; Scotland, 2,261 vessels, 429,635 tons; Ireland, 1,037 vessels, 165,969 tons; and for the whole of the United Kingdom, including the Channel Islands, 14,416 vessels, and 2,668,732 tons.

[Here we have a fleet of nearly fifteen thousand merchant vessels; and adding to these the vessels of the royal navy, it may be doubted if all the other ships in the world are equal to them in number. The steam marine, alone, of Great Britain, has within these few years become a thing truly tremendous in amount and power.]

#### SAUCE PIQUANTE.

The late Michael Kelly, whose dinners and suppers were themes of admiration to those who were fortunate enough to enjoy his friendship, made no secret of the preparation of a sauce, the result of experience. I have often seen it in manuscript, long before the appropriately named Dr Kitchener wrote his "Oracle," and it is thus composed:—Put as many parsley leaves as will fill a table-spoon into a mortar, add a table-spoonful of capers, and pound these well together; then a table-spoonful of fresh mustard, and three hard yolks of eggs; pound away on these till they are properly mixed; wash, bone, and force through a sieve half a dozen anchovies; to this add a table-spoonful of vinegar, two of oil, a shallot chopped very fine; add these to the former ingredients; and when about to be used, stir them all into half a pint of melted butter or strong beef gravy.—*Epicure's Almanac.*

#### TO THE ABSENT SWALLOW.

BY THOMAS SMIRKE.

Where dost thou linger all this pleasant time,  
Sweet bird, that wotest to forewarn the May?  
Above what scented grove of southern clime  
Pursuest thou on earnest wing thy prey,  
Feasting and sporting through the livelong day?  
Or over what supremely favoured pool  
Dost thou now nimbly fly,  
Sending, in passing by,  
One arrowy streak of night along the waters cool?  
When infant day from off the glossy leaves  
Sips nursing dew to nerve its manly noon,  
I cannot hear thy twitter in the eaves,  
Though longing, sleepless, for the tuneful boon;  
Nor have I yet beheld thee, late or soon,  
Darting with levin-speed athwart my view,  
Eager in quest of food,  
Or, for thy annual brood,  
Toiling to prop some ancient home, or build a new.  
Haply thou dalliest, my gentle bird,  
Betwixt our chill climes and the southlands warm,  
Loth to advance, because thine ear hath heard  
The snorting of the war-horse of the storm?  
Shall wintry blasts our summer fields deform?  
And hath, indeed, thy keen instinctive sense  
Forewarned thee to remain  
Where mild airs daily reign,  
And night, for all her damps, can do thee no offence?  
Yet come, and fear not, cleaver of the skies!  
Things frail as thou art here, and know no blight.  
Ever at night-shut doth the lark arise,  
A dawning star, to spot the arch of light,  
And pour his notes, cascade-like, from the height;  
And even the callow youngling of the wren  
Boldly erects its crest  
From out the parent nest,  
Nor fears, beneath the leaves, or cold, or wind, or rain.  
Step we abroad to breathe the fragrant air,  
And, blended with the tints on mount and lea,  
Our charmed eyes shall notice, everywhere,  
The golden kirtle of the forest bee;  
And we shall hear him humming jocosely;  
And mark, besides, safe-swinging in the breeze,  
And gleaming to the sun,  
The spider's cordage, spun  
Between the sheltering branches of the full-leaved trees.  
Nay, weaker things by far than these can dwell  
Securely where thou shrinkest to appear.  
Within the chalice of the small blue-bell  
May be discerned, by him who gazeth near,  
A busy world, assailing eye and ear;  
And not a flower in garden, field, or grove,  
Nor blossom of the bough,  
But is sonorous now  
With voices eloquent of life, and joy, and love.  
Come, then, my bird, and dream not of mischance,  
Since thus all nature is astir with life!  
Come! for the season gives not to my glance  
The sweets with which thy presence made it rife;  
And when autumnal gales begin their strife—  
Long ere the winter furs the earth with snow—  
Far hence may'st thou be gone,  
To climes by us unknown,  
Where spring smiles all the year, and cold blasts never blow.  
Come, counselor! for such wert thou to me.  
Come! and once more let my first waking thoughts  
Brood sweetly on thy home, thy young, and thee;  
And, while my ear imbibes thy modest notes,  
Thou shalt the lesson teach me, which promotes  
The heart's best loves; and, seeing all the care  
God hath of thee and thine,  
Up to the throne divine  
My soul shall mount, and find hope, peace, and comfort there.  
May, 1842.

#### LARD OIL.

An Irish newspaper copies the following paragraph from a New York paper of recent date:—"Mr Ellsworth, in his report to the patent office, makes calculations to show that the United States may supply herself and Europe with an oil fully equal to the best sperm, and produced from lard. By a late discovery, it is found that lard yields an oil fully equal to the much prized sperm; and it is further found that eight pounds of lard are equal in weight to a gallon of oil, and that the whole is convertible into oleine or oil, and stearine, the latter very much resembling the spermaceti of commerce. The report also states, that if all the swine now in the States were slaughtered, and the lard converted into oil, the product would be five times greater than that of the whole whale fishery; and if only one-fifth of the pork now produced annually be devoted to the purpose of being turned into oil, the product in articles equal to spermaceti and sperm oil would exceed the proceeds of the spermaceti whale fishery. The expense of producing these substances is of course an important consideration, and, according to the report, when lard is 6 cents to the pound, the oil can be sold at a good profit at 50 cents per gallon, and the stearine is clear gain besides."

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